

Brown, Joseph

Lecture on early reminiscences of  
Alton, delivered... Feb. 21, 1896.



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# LECTURE

ON

## Early Reminiscences of Alton

DELIVERED AT

Alton, Ill., in the Opera House, February 21, 1896,

BY

JOSEPH BROWN,

(Ex-Mayor of Alton and St. Louis),

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE

LOVEJOY MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.

TICKETS, FIFTY CENTS.

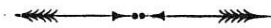
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Joseph Brown



## EARLY REMINISCENCES OF ALTON.

*Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen:*

It may seem like bringing coals to Newcastle for me to attempt to lecture on "Early Reminiscences of Alton" before an Alton audience, but when I tell you that most of the incidents that I shall relate of men and things occurred nearly or quite sixty years ago, and probably before many, if not all of you, were born, I think you will excuse me for appearing before you on this platform to-night.

Yes, my earliest recollections of Alton carry me back fully sixty years and to the years 1835 and 1836, and so on down the tide of time. At that time what little there was of Alton and particularly the business portion of it was on Second street, and laid between Piasa street, then an open creek, afterward culverted by R. S. Dolbee by contract, and the bluffs at the upper end of Short street, and just above that about thirty feet long was the Piasa bird or serpent, with wings painted supposedly by the Indians on the face of the rock, but now blasted away.

The hills were in their primitive state and were covered with blackjacks except where here and there cheap frame structures had been hurriedly put up. Up to that time no effort had been made to level off any part of the numerous hills that composed the town site, and it became a serious question where room would be found to build the magnificent city of the future that every one had in their mind. But that question was afterward easily solved by an eccentric and witty individual, Caleb Stone, who lived in Alton at that time, who said he had made a neat calculation of how much dirt it would take to cut down the hills and fill up the hollows and he found he would be short just two shovelfuls, and if he could get those two shovelfuls he would be all right.

Beginning at the then bluffs at the upper end of Short street were the wholesale houses of Godfrey, Gilman & Co., S. Ryder & Co., Jerry Townsend & Co., A. G. Sloe & Co., the latter, who afterward started the Pacific Mail Co., and some others; then on Second

street, below State, where were the retail houses, down to Piasa street, which was then an open creek. There were no church buildings and the only effort at holding meetings was held in a little frame school-house that stood on the corner of the now Stanford block, which served the purpose of meeting house and school house for any denomination that chose to occupy it. The Presbyterian Society had seven members, and later on the Unitarians had five members, and the Rev. Dr. Eliot of St. Louis came to Alton every alternate Sunday to preach in the little school-house and the following Sunday in St. Louis.

I was a boy then and went to day school, boys and girls all together. We had one negro scholar; his name was "Bill Pitt," and we boys used to use him pretty roughly by one at a time riding on his back at recess, while the other boys whipped up, but like all other negroes at that time he bore it without grumbling.

Like most other boys, I had my likes and dislikes, and fights too; yes, and young love affairs. I remember a fisticuff fight I had with a boy about my own age in front of his mother's door, and it so happened I drew the first blood by giving him a bloody nose so that he ran in the house, and while I waited crowing outside to see if he would come out again, his mother came out and whipped me.

As to love affairs, there was a very pretty girl sitting next to me at school and was my next door neighbor as well. I used to sharpen her slate pencils and do other little favors for her, and got in return some of her sweetest smiles. Well, the course of "true love" ran very smooth for awhile, but as we were both about the same age, she matured into womanhood before I did as a man and the result was, when she was about seventeen years old, a tall, handsome preacher came along that had just been licensed at Jacksonville to preach and he fell in love with her and away she went, and I was left out in the cold, and I thought for a time that I never could love anyone else, but I soon found there were just as good fish in the sea as any that were caught, or even better, and I sometimes wonder why such trivial things as these take so deep a hold on the mind.

Alton in 1835 and 1836 was fully abreast of St. Louis, and in the East was even more talked of than St. Louis, as the coming Western city, and probably in part because it was not in a slave State as St. Louis was.



At that time Alton was considered the head of navigation for New Orleans boats, and many of the upper river boats turned back up the river from Alton, and the New Orleans and Ohio River boats came to Alton and turned back from there.

Among the New Orleans boats of that day were the Alton and Vandalia, which latter was formerly the capital of Illinois, and the Paul Jones and Champion, Ohio River boats, the latter being a low pressure boat, brought from Lake Champlain to beat the Paul Jones, which up to that time was considered the fastest boat on the river. A boat called the B. I. Gilman was considered the finest boat on the Upper Mississippi River. In 1835-36 Alton grew rapidly, and indeed the entire country filled up rapidly with immigration, but in 1837 the State Bank bubble burst, and Alton felt the shock to such an extent that it fairly paralyzed her trade, utterly destroying values, and particularly real estate. Alton town lots went down from a thousand dollars a front foot to merely nothing, and many lots were sold and never redeemed for taxes.

It was about this time, in the summer of 1837, that Elijah P. Lovejoy came to Alton, having been virtually driven out of St. Louis because he undertook to publish a paper called the *St. Louis Observer*, and advocated the "gradual emancipation" of the slaves, but the Southern people were so sensitive to the discussion of everything in connection with slavery at that time that they would not permit a paper even to agitate the question in any shape, consequently his press was destroyed twice by a mob, and he was invited by Mr. Moore and Mr. Gilman and others to come to Alton, it being in a free State, and publish his paper.

He came and another press was ordered from Cincinnati, which was destroyed in the early part of 1837. Meantime, he being a minister of the gospel, ministered in the churches and attended Sunday-school. He was my teacher in the Presbyterian Sunday-school, for a time. He was to me like an "oasis" in the desert of Calvinism, for up to that time, I had heard through Maj. Hunter, who had been my teacher, a great deal about the "wrath of God," but very little about the love of God. Whereas, Mr. Lovejoy, who was of a very loving nature, with fine expression of countenance and a voice as soft and tender as a woman's, talked constantly of the love of God to man and the way he had provided for his salvation. Is it any wonder then that I should love and revere such a man and should desire to perpetuate his memory?

Up to that time I had to go to Sunday-school at 9 o'clock, to church at 11 o'clock, again at 2 o'clock, then again at 7.30 o'clock, and all to hear Calvinistic doctrine preached into me, then go home and dream of "hell all night," and the result was a constant foreboding of the future life and a positive dislike for Sunday.

I can remember one beautiful Sunday morning. I was kept in the house as usual until time for Sunday-school. I was standing by the window and looking out like a caged bird, had forgotten myself, and was whistling some secular tune, when my mother said, "My son, you mustn't whistle on Sunday." Such was the old style of a Calvinistic Sunday.

On the 6th of November, 1837, another press arrived from Cincinnati on the fine steamer *Mozelle*, that afterward exploded in front of Cincinnati, killing 250 people, and was stored in the warehouse of Godfrey, Gilman & Co., which was afterward turned into Wise's Mill. All that day and the next, the 7th, there were mutterings of threatened trouble, and a public meeting was held at which Mr. Lovejoy and others spoke, some for and others against permitting the press to be set up unless Mr. Lovejoy would pledge himself not to discuss the slavery question, to which he answered.

"There are two things which I hold more sacred than life, and they are: First, the liberty of the press, and the other, that every man is entitled to the benefits of his own labor, and I propose as long as I can wield a pen or write a sentence to advocate those inalienable rights."

The meeting dissolved without arriving at any conclusion, and the storm grew darker and more threatening toward the fateful night of the 7th of November.

Both parties were marshaling their forces, and Mr. Gilman, the two Mr. Tanners, Mr. Roff, Geo. T. Brown, Royal Weller, Major Long and three others whose names I have forgotten, were deputed to guard the press for the night of the 7th of November, while others were to take their turn later if the occasion required.

I had been acting as clerk for Royal Weller in his shoe store to the extent of taking down the shutters and sweeping out the store every morning before the school hour, and for which I was paid \$7 per month. (I have since been paid \$18,000 a year salary.) So that when the storm got so threatening I was request-



ted to mould a lot of bullets in an old-fashioned mold for use in the warehouse if need be that night, which I did, and took them into the river end of the warehouse about 8 o'clock in the evening. While there I heard a discussion among the ten men and Mr. Lovejoy; for the mob was beginning to gather at the other end of the building. Some of those who were there for the purpose of defending the press seemed disposed to walk out and give it up rather than defend it with firearms, but Mr. Lovejoy said:

"My friends, I feel like a stag at bay." I have been virtually driven out of St. Louis, and now they are trying to drive me out of Alton, because I choose to advocate a principle. I do not wish to rob any man or deprive him of his property without compensation, but I hold slavery to be a blot upon the escutcheon of this nation and a relic of barbarism, and besides I am guaranteed by the constitution of the United States the freedom of the press subject only to the laws of the land, and not to mob violence, and I propose to make my last stand here and now, and if my life is to be the forfeit, I am willing to give it up," and stepping out from the others, he added: "Now is the time to make your choice! All those who are willing to risk, or even sacrifice their lives if need be, for the liberty of the press, and that every man shall enjoy the fruits of his own labor, come over to my side, and those who are faint-hearted stay where you are."

There was an awful moment of suspense when it seemed as if each life hung in the balance. Then Winthrop S. Gilman stepped over and said: "Mr. Lovejoy, I am with you even to the death." Then Royal Weller and another and then another stepped over, until every one of that little band stood by his side.

An hour later and Edward Keating, a young lawyer, and Judge John M. Krum, who was the Mayor, came in at the river end of the building and said (the city having no police at that time) that the mob had sent them in to demand the surrender of the press, Judge Krum stating that he had done all in his power to make them disperse. But the little band stood firm, and sent word they would defend the press with their lives, which, when the mob heard their decision, they raised a yell and started off to get something to use as a battering ram with which to beat down the doors.

They soon returned with a long stick of timber, and a man by the name of Bishop held the end next the door, and the first

ram or two that was made at the door, some one inside opened the door of the second story just above the lower door and shot Bishop so that he died in a few minutes.

Bishop was not a citizen so far as known. That demoralized the mob for a few minutes, but they soon rallied again and seemed more determined than ever, and the cry then was, "Burn the building;" and very soon a ladder was placed alongside of the building and a man went up with a torch in his hand and was starting to fire the shingles on the roof when Mr. Lovejoy, Royal Weller and Mr. Roff came out of the door next the river and were pointing their guns at the man on the roof when crack went two guns from behind a board pile in the vacant lot between the Godfrey, Gilman & Co. house and another.

Mr. Lovejoy was shot in the breast with several buckshot and fell, and was carried or dragged into the warehouse by Weller and Roff, and never spoke after he was shot. Weller and Roff were both wounded, though not dangerously, but Weller was lame ever after.

Lovejoy being killed, there was no further object in defending the press, so it was left to the mercy of the mob, which soon had it thrown in the river and then dispersed.

Mr. Lovejoy was buried the next day without funeral services except a prayer by Mr. Lippincot, Mr. Gilman's father-in-law, and about half a dozen only attended his funeral.

For many years his remains lay buried in an unhonored grave until Mr. Thos. Dimmock, then of Alton, had erected a neat slab or monument over his grave at his own expense. While the name of Bishop as one of that bloodthirsty mob will be execrated or lost in oblivion, that of Lovejoy, as a defender of the rights of the human race will go down to posterity as a martyr to the cause of human liberty.

Alton took a fearful backset after this and whether it was on account of this terrible tragedy or not I cannot say, but if it was great injustice was done to Alton by public opinion, for the large proportion of those who constituted the mob were persons from St. Louis, St. Charles and even from Virginia and Kentucky, and it was a well understood fact that a certain Dr. Jennings, from Virginia, was the person who shot and killed Mr. Lovejoy from behind the board pile that night.

About this time Captain Godfrey built Monticello Female Seminary and dedicated it to the cause of education. He was a grand man and devoted to all that was good and noble. He was



very prompt as to his time of saying family prayers, which was 10 o'clock, and I have more than once been calling at his house with young lady company when we all had to kneel down and listen to his time-honored prayer, and I fear I shall have to repent in dust and ashes for the sin of whispering to my young lady friends while at prayer.

I have heard numbers of our gifted orators in my time, such as Calhoun, Clay and others, and some of them in Alton. I heard Daniel Webster in Alton in 1840, when he ran against Henry Clay for the nomination for President. He came to Alton and was given a banquet at the Alton House, and after the banquet, at which champagne flowed freely, he was called out to speak and held on to the railing of the porch of the Alton House, which was then situated on Front street, and made a speech; and it was said of him as of Prentiss, of Mississippi; Humphrey, Marshall of Kentucky, and many others, that he made his best speeches while partially intoxicated. In 1858 I also heard Lincoln and Douglas speak at Alton when they ran for Congress, when Lincoln sprung the question of "Manifest destiny," or the "Irrepressible conflict." Douglas was the greatest orator, but Lincoln was the most profound and prophetic.

After Webster's speech, which was a political one, Major Hunter, whom Hunterstown is named after, said to him: "Mr. Webster, I want to take you a short drive to see my fine pasture." "— your pasture," said Webster; "tell me who is going to be elected."

Major Hunter was religiously paralyzed but they went to ride.

I was in Alton in 1842 when Mr. Lincoln and General Shields came to Alton to fight a duel with broadswords on account of a young lady in Springfield, Ill., afterward Senator Trumble's wife. They went over the river to avoid the Illinois State law in relation to dueling. They went on the little old "blind-horse" ferryboat that was then owned by a Mr. Chapman and quite a crowd went with them. Among them a man named Jake Smith, who was a constable, a tall, lank fellow, not unlike Lincoln, who was all legs and arms, while Shields was all body and no legs.

After getting over onto the Missouri shore the seconds patched up a reconciliation, and the principals shook hands and started back, but Jake Smith was bound to have his fun out of it, and laid down in the bow of the boat and covered himself up with General

Shields' cloak, and had some of the boys wave small branches of trees over him to keep the flies off; so when the boat got near the Alton shore there was a crowd on the landing awaiting the result of the duel, and seeing the figure lying on the deck the excitement ran very high, but just before the boat landed Jake Smith jumped up and halloed with all his might, waving his hat above his head saying there had been no fight, that "the one was afraid and the other darsen't!"

When the duelists landed they lost no time in getting into their carriages and making their way up State street out of town.

Some years later and when I had been elected Mayor of Alton, a lady (by the name of Mrs. McReady) came to Alton on one of the Keokuk packets to give Shakspearian lectures, arriving at 2 o'clock in the morning, and, as luck would have it, she stepped on an old cellar door in front of "Johnny Roe's" grocery and one leg went part way through the door so that it sprained her ankle and laid her up at the Franklin House for some time. The result was, she put in a claim against the city for damages, but the city refused to allow anything, and the result was, as she was permanently lamed she sued for \$5,000 in the United States Court at Springfield, Ill., and engaged Mr. Lincoln as her attorney; so when the time came for the case to be tried I went up to attend it, and on the day set I went to the United States Court and found Mr. Lincoln and his client inside the bar waiting for the Court to open. I took my seat with my attorney inside the bar, when Mr. Lincoln came over and said: "Mr. Brown, I don't like to take this suit against your town; can't we compromise it in some way?" I said: "I don't see how we can, as we don't think the city is liable for an injury done to the lady by a man having bad cellar doors." "Ah," he said, "but the city is liable for its sidewalks, and I feel sure we shall get judgment." "Well," I said, "if you do she can come and help herself to the market house (which at that time was an old dilapidated concern)." "Well," he said, "I think it is best to compromise if we can. How much will you give the lady? She is lamed for life with a stiff ankle." I said: "I can't make any offer; we have no money." "Well," he said, "will you give her \$3,000?" "No," I said, "there isn't that much money in the town." Finally he got down to \$1,500, and I felt that it was best to compromise at that, so I said: "If we give the \$1,500 are we to have the damaged limb?" Lincoln



said: "I will go over and ask," and he did, and after talking with her a little while he came back and said:

"If you are an unmarried man, and as you are pretty good looking, you can have the entire woman!" So we compromised, but I did not accept the lady's marriage offer.

About this time I was running a mill in Alton and to show the freaks of fortune, of which I have had many, flour was very low in New Orleans, and I had held my flour back until I had the entire mill and a warehouse full, so I went to St. Louis and chartered a steamer, the North Alabama, to come to Alton for a full load of flour.

She came, and I loaded her with 18,000 barrels and she started for New Orleans, and didn't stop at St. Louis, having all the freight she could carry. It was in the fall of 1848, the water was low in the river and she grounded at President's Island, below Memphis. When I heard of it I nearly went wild, for I had drawn bills of credit on the flour and was fearful the bills would become due and the flour not there to meet them and I knew there was no profit in the flour anyway at the quoted price, for superfine flour was quoted at only \$2.60 a barrel in New Orleans. The boat laid aground twelve days and in the meantime the Mexican war broke out and flour went up \$2.00 a barrel, so that I cleared over \$30,000 on that one boat load of flour—so that you see how my wonderful forethought did it. I tell you there's nothing so successful as success. During the war I cleared \$1,000 a day for 400 days, and then again, I have lost \$100,000 in a single night.

During the following winter, while still a young man, I made a trip as far as Galena to buy wheat, and as there were no railroads in the West at that time and all the travel was by Frank & Walker's Concord stages, I took one of them. The springs were made of great leather straps and the stage was calculated to carry ten or twelve people, but if there were only one or two in the stage they were likely to have a pretty rough time of it, and it so happened that the second night out (for they drove all night) there was but two in the stage—a young lady and myself—and as I learned, she lived in Galena, but had been to school at Monmouth, Ill., and was on her way home to spend the holidays with her people. Well, the first night we kept each our sides of the stage all right, sitting opposite to each other, but the second night we both got awfully sleepy and when the stage would take a run down some

hill, as she was sitting in the back seat, she would invariably tumble over onto my lap and then wake up with a start, so that I finally said to her: "You had better come over to my side of the coach or I will go over to your side, and then we can brace and hold on to each other." She said: "Well, you can come over to my side," and I did, and I think after that I did the most of the holding. Need I tell you I was awfully lonesome coming back without her?

I always had a passion for the river and used as a boy to have a skiff and if I hadn't oars handy would hang my legs over behind the skiff and work it like a stern-wheel boat.

Alton had quite a number of St. Louis and Alton packets, beginning in 1836, among which were the Winnebago, the Tiskilwa, the Omega, and the Pearl, which later ran to St. Charles, and then the Little Eagle that was built for the Alton trade. She was only ninety feet long and sixteen feet beam, was painted black and took about seven hours to come to Alton, and you could hear her screaming for an hour before she reached the landing. If anyone at that time had said the river would ever be bridged and a train would reach Alton in half or three-quarters of an hour, they would have said he was crazy.

The cabin was downstairs aft of the shaft, there being no upper cabins at that time.

She had but one engine, like all boats of that day. Captain LaMothe was captain of her. He afterward built the Luella and controlled the trade for a number of years. Later on I bought him out, because I wanted to control the boat to carry my flour promptly to St. Louis to ship South. That caused dissatisfaction with the Wises, who also had a flour mill at that time, and the result was the steamer Tempest was put in as opposition. I then cut the fare down from 75 cents to 10 cents and gave supper. We ran that way for nine months and finally compromised, and I finally bought them out of the trade.

Afterward I built the far-famed Altona, which has probably never been beaten for speed. She frequently went from Alton to St. Louis inside of an hour and came up from St. Louis to Alton in one hour and thirty-seven minutes. She was at that time commanded by Captain LaMothe, after I had sold her to the C. & A. R. R. Co., then just finished to Chicago. She paid for herself in one year and on the finishing of the Chicago and Alton road to Springfield I sold her to the railroad company for just what she



cost to build her. Then I bought the big St. Louis (so-called), a boat that was 350 feet long with immense power and was expected to come from New Orleans to St. Louis inside of three days, but she proved such a failure for speed on account of her model that she never came inside of seven, but was the biggest carrier on the river. She was built ahead of her time and carried so much that she never was loaded to the guards until I bought her. Soon after it so happened that the yellow fever broke out in New Orleans and all the other boats laid up on account of it, but I owed half the purchase money of the boat and dared not lay up, and besides the price of freight went up to an enormous rate, so that I loaded the boat to the guards, being the first time she ever had freight enough to load her, and went into New Orleans when 100 persons a day were dying of yellow fever, and more than half of the population were out of the city on account of the fever.

Out of morbid curiosity I went out to one of the cemeteries and saw ninety-two coffins unburied. Indeed, it was raining every day and the ground was so full of water that as fast as they dug the hole it filled with water.

On the trip up I gave two negroes that attended a flatboat that we took in tow to take wood from, \$10 to take a coffin ashore and bury it, and when we pushed the flatboat out after we had taken the wood out, I watched them, and they deliberately picked up the box and threw it overboard; I cleared \$10,000 that trip, and I think I earned it, for if it had not been that I was in debt for half the boat I would not have gone into New Orleans at that time for the whole of the city.

I must tell you a story or two of the Mayflower, that I built after that; she was a very fine boat, 300 feet long, and was one of the only two boats that had three decks, the middle deck being for deck passengers. I think it was the third trip she made that a gentleman, an old friend, came to me in New Orleans and said his wife had decided to go up with me, but that he could not get away for a month yet. I said: "All right, I will take care of her;" so that on the day of leaving he drove down to the wharf with her in a carriage from the St. Charles Hotel, and kissing her good-bye left her on the boat. Everything went well till the second afternoon out, when the chambermaid came to me on the roof and said the lady I had given the bridal chamber to was quite sick and wanted to know if there was a doctor on board. I looked around among the

passengers but could not find any, and so went back and told the chambermaid there was none on board, and I thought that would be the last of it, but in about an hour she came again and said: "De lady was awful sick, and would 'have to have a doctor." I said I could not find one on the boat, and that we were sixty miles from any town where I could get one, and I asked her what seemed to be the matter with the lady. The chambermaid said: "I dunno, but she says she hurt herself packin' her trunks befo' she left." "Well," I said, "get her some liniment at the office and let her rub it on." In a short time she was back again and said the lady was sicker and sicker, and wanted to see the Captain, and so I had to go into the stateroom with the chambermaid to see what was the matter, and before I got out of there (say an hour and a half) the lady was better, and had a ten-pound boy to boot. He is alive and well in St. Louis to-day, and his name is Jo Brown D—.

I was Commodore of the fleet of twenty-eight steamers that came to Alton in 1866 to welcome Andy Johnson, when he was President. He and General Grant were going "around the circle," so-called. They came down from Alton on the Ruth, and I can assure you that to maneuver those twenty-eight steamers in front of Alton was no easy matter, but fortunately we had no accident.

I have dined with dukes and other royalty, and with boot-blacks, and I think of the two, the boot-blacks stand the highest in my estimation for morals.

When the Grand Duke was here I was Mayor of St. Louis, and the citizens gave him a grand banquet. I took two boxes at the theater for the party to see Lydia Thompson, who was then at her best, and during the performance the Duke turned to me and said, "Is that fine-looking young lady approachable?" I said, "What do you mean?" "Oh," he said, "anyway, is she free?" I said, "I don't know." He said, "Can't you find out?" I said, "No, sir; but after the play you can see her, as you are both at the same hotel," and he did, and the next evening she had on a pair of bracelets that were said to cost \$2,600.

Then I had the entertaining of King Kalakawa of the Sandwich Islands, and I found him equally an animal. He wanted me to take him around among the houses of the "demimonde," but I told him I did not go to such places, but he afterward got one of the Aldermen, since deceased, to go with him, and I was told after-



ward that he drank their champagne and otherwise robbed them, paying them nothing; so that I think I am safe in saying the boot-blacks were the best company.

Now, I think I have taken up enough of your time and, I fear, wearied you all, and I hope you will excuse my use of the personal pronoun so much, but I want to add a few words, like the preacher does in "summing up."

I have given you a condensed account of one individual's life from boyhood to manhood, and into matured age, and while it has been more or less eventful, what does it all amount to? Soon I shall be like a pebble dropped in the ocean that made a small ripple and then all is silent, all is forgotten, and the dust of oblivion will close over me. Even the most noted of mankind. What good does a marble shaft do them pointing to heaven. They are not here now, nor do they probably hear the echo of the praise or blame that may be showered upon them. I knew a gentleman in St. Louis—Mr. George R. Taylor—who spent \$73,000 in building a mausoleum in which to put his mortal remains, and I know a gentleman in St. Louis now, formerly a citizen of Alton, who is said to have spent \$33,000 for a mausoleum to preserve his remains and perpetuate his memory.

Now, if we could look into the future and should find that nature intended the physical body to decay and that we should have no further use for it, will we not probably see that, like that good man Captain Godfrey, we could have made much better use of the money. For myself, as I never expect to have any further use for my body after I quit it here, I shall much prefer to have it cremated rather than put it five feet under ground to be gnawed by worms, or to have my bones in a few years dug up and kicked about by those who never knew me. It is only a question of a short time at the most when we, like all others who have gone before, will pass out of the memory of our dearest friends; and what of it? We are not lying in the grave, but like John Brown's soul, "*are marching on.*" The man who has caused a smile instead of a tear, to suffuse the face of a man, woman, or child, is a public benefactor and will get his reward, and all I ask of those I leave behind me is: "*That they condone my faults and remember me for the good I have done.*"